somewhat through vacant lots dug up by the construction gangs, but amused to the point of rapture by the odd aspect of these gutted houses on which the laughing sun sparkles. Old gardens, a well; caged trees, drooping and blackened; ancient courtyards, entrance steps of tumble-down private houses; all this dazzled and looking like a night bird that has suddenly been plunged into the light. How beautiful the day was!

Went to ring at Jean Schlumberger's and he accompanied me for a moment to the Luxembourg while waiting for the school to open. — Old school; courtyard I hadn't entered in twenty years! I hardly recognized myself there or old Papa Braiinig, who spoke to me.

Back by metro —and work (Dostoyevsky for *La Grande Revue),*

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February

Went with Eugene Rouart to hear the lecture by Moreas at the Od^on — which preceded a playing of Euripides' *Electra* in a prose version by Ferdinand Herold. Numerous friends in the audience created a kind of success for the lecturer, who took three bows. I too applauded most willingly, for it was evident that everyone was applauding the poet of *Les Stances* and *Le Pdlerin.*[6] As for the lecture, it was interminable and boring, Moreas's voice, beautiful in a drawing-room or a cafe, remained hollow, monotonous and pompous. Having, indeed, but very few ideas, the fear of lacking substance made him embrace as many subjects as possible; he emptied his bag at random, spoke very little or not at all of *Electra* or of Euripides, but of Corneille, Shakespeare, Nietzsche, Malherbe, Aristotle, Otway, Voltaire, etc., etc. — limiting himself, most of the time, to reading old articles from *La Gazette,* which I remembered well enough to recognize sentences and groups of sentences. What in those articles had seemed to be delicate and discreetly •

phrased did not carry, and with the best will in the world I no longer found any savor in them. Many in the audience opened books or newspapers; some left noisily; people very nearly booed.

We left soon after the curtain went up, exasperated by the pasty elocution and the actors[7] lack of art.

The *points* in a speech have much to be said for them; need of knowing *how jar one has got.*

It is not the subject that Moreas exhausted, but rather himself. One felt that he was saying everything and that, having done this, he had nothing more to say.

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February

But I didn't know that Moliere worked slowly! Very *important,* the remark of Grimarest quoted by Lemaitre in his third lecture: "He did

[6] *Stanzas* and *The Pilgrim* are the principal works of Moreas.